

Windows (feat. Prof)

Atmosphere

[Verse 1: Slug]

Shut up, everybody shut up
I think you've had too much to speak
Give me the keys, plug the leak
Or go take a little step off something steep
I might be a fuck up, but I wanna do splendid things
I mean I want somebody to remember me
And maybe drive me around in a limousine
I'm just joking, I rather drive myself
Rather fly myself, most time, rather be all by myself
A party of one
And I'll keep going for as long as the arteries pump
Don't start no junk
I'm not a thug but I'm hardly a punk
And if it ain't the hard part of the month
Throw your hands in the sky, sing the harmony once[Hook: Prof]
Shut your pretty mouth, I got a window in my car
I can see it all
I don't trust a motherfucker one bit though, and it go...
Shut your pretty mouth, I got a window in my house
I can see it all

(I like this) I don't trust a motherfucker one bit though[Verse 2: Slug]

Shut up, everybody shut up
I brought my own knife and fork
Stood up to address the court
And said "The kid's so hungry, he'll eat the stork"
I might be a fuck up but I'm in the upper percentile
I try to put a smile on my face while the rest act so cold blooded like a reptile
Gotta look over both my shoulders
Don't even know ya, potential cobras
I'm tryna find a poser to design a poster to mobilize voters
This is not a top secret, but they already know what you're not thinkin'
Either you could submit or you could just stop speakin'
And find yourself inside another lost weekend[Hook: Prof]
Shut your pretty mouth, I got a window in my car
I can see it all
I don't trust a motherfucker one bit though, and it go...
Shut your pretty mouth, I got a window in my house
I can see it all

(I like this) I don't trust a motherfucker one bit though[Verse 3: Slug]

Shut up, everybody shut up

All of y'all talk too goddamn much

Slither back under that rock you're from

Got a hiss on the tongue that you just can't trust

I might be a fuck up and maybe you are too, but I ain't no judge

Run through dirt just to kick up dust

Put a little paint on the tip of the brush

Go ahead breathe with no regrets

Life's too brief to be so upset

Gotta take the lost and plead the fifth

Sometimes the world will make you eat that shit

Gonna jump like a kangaroo, break outta the zoo

Let the universe know that you made it through

Stay true to your name and crew

But watch what you say and who you say it to[Hook: Prof]

Shut your pretty mouth, I got a window in my car

I can see it all

I don't trust a motherfucker one bit though, and it go...

Shut your pretty mouth, I got a window in my house

I can see it all

(I like this) I don't trust a motherfucker one bit though[Outro: Harmonizing]

I don't trust a motherfucker one bit though, and it go...

I don't trust a motherfucker one bit though, and it go...

I don't trust a motherfucker one bit though, and it go...

I don't trust a motherfucker one bit though, and it go...

I don't trust a motherfucker one bit though, and it go...

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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